

**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 14 • No. 12

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • MARCH 21, 1941

FIVE CENTS

WE'RE OUT AROUND TOWN IN A HOUSE DRESS

On first glances The Cymbal doesn't look so presentable this week. But you can't always tell what a gal is by the way she looks. In fact, you almost always can't. We're wearing our dungarees, but we're trying to think this week that it's a more fitting apparel for the job we have to do. Anyway, our heart's the same, and the desires of us, and we've still got inside our himb the spirit of the thing.

COUNCIL GETTING CLOSER TO ONE DWELLING ON A LOT ORDINANCE

As The Cymbal warned several months ago the city council is moving rapidly toward the adoption of an ordinance that would prohibit more than one dwelling on a 40-foot lot. As a matter of fact, at Wednesday afternoon's meeting this week amendments to the zoning law were discussed at considerable length and it appeared to be the consensus of the council that so-called "guest" houses are animals that need considerable restraint.

A proposed amendment which would permit a guest house beside the main dwelling only on a lot and a half, that is, prepared to be a lot frontage and a half, was also discussed. It was pointed out by Floyd Adams, building inspector, that it might be advisable, in case such an amendment were adopted, to have the area of the guest house limited to prevent two main houses, as it were, on the 60-foot lot.

There were several expressions of opinion from council members that something must be done, something drastic, to prevent further depreciation of surrounding property by property owners who look only to immediate revenue with no thought of future costs.

In line with our persisting policy of trying to keep Carmel from becoming just an ordinary town (by-the-sea) The Cymbal is heartily in favor of these moves on the part of the council to curtail further construction depredations in our residence sections.

WE RETRACT SUGGESTION FOR CITY HALL ON FOREST THEATER PROPERTY

It has been pointed out to us that while only three weeks ago we condemned the city council for considering violating its laws by constructing a city hall on the White Cedars property, we deliberately last week suggested that a municipal building be built on the Forest Theater property.

We've been a bit jittery the last month and that probably accounts for our slip-up on this one. Three weeks ago we didn't believe the city has a right to enforce certain restrictions through its zoning law and then itself violate that same law. We don't believe today that it has. We withdraw our suggestion that the city hall be built on the Forest Theater property.

We reiterate our protest against it being built on any part of Devendorf Plaza, the city park. We are definitely of the opinion that this one block

(Continued on Page Two)

VOTERS SAY 'FINISH HIGH SCHOOL'

Monterey Symphony Orchestra of Young People in First Concert Monday

To preserve the appreciation of symphony music in Monterey County an orchestra of community players has been organized under the guidance of Franklin Young of the Monterey High School.

Music teachers, Junior College music-students, local musicians and a few selected High School student-players have joined ambitions in the 60-piece Monterey Symphony Orchestra which will present its first concert Monday evening in the Monterey High School gymnasium at 8:15 p. m.

After rehearsing for several months the program is now ready. It will offer six selections, each one conducted by one of the music instructors of

the Peninsula schools.

The program will include Strauss, Massenet, Beethoven, Wagner and Waldteufel.

The orchestra is made up of musicians throughout the community who have volunteered their talents for this community project. Players from Carmel are Patricia Royce, second violin; Jean Fulkerson, cello; Grace Lanini, viola; Charles Fulkerson, flute and piccolo; Lillian Ohm, French horn; Nancie Spencer, percussion and Valona Brewer, violin.

Conducting the "Die Fledermaus" will be Harold Bartlett from Carmel High School.

Tickets are 55 cents and may be bought at Abitante's in Monterey.

Tomorrow Is Kite Day in Carmel

"Go fly a kite"—it's an old expression, but tomorrow afternoon is just the time to put it into action. The kite festival will start at 1:15 from the Sunset school and will progress in cars or in trucks provided by the city past the home of Rev. Willis G. White, then up Ocean to the High School athletic field where where the contest will be staged.

This festival, which was originated by the Reverend White 10 years ago, is now a Carmel tradition and one of those things eagerly looked forward to each year just as much by the spectators who get the first whiff of Spring by watching the colorful display of floating bits of tissue paper and running kite fliers on a background of wildflowers as it is by the active participants.

The judges will be Miss Lucile Brutis, Adaline Guth, Father Michael O'Connell, Frank G. Gosling, Robert Harnisch, the Rev. Carel J. Hulsewe, Lloyd Miller, Ted Durain, and Ernest Morehouse.

The prizes donated by various merchants and citizens interested in perpetuating the tradition have been on exhibition at Sunset School for the last week. There will be prizes given to several divisions. The divisions are: Group 1, kindergarten to third grade; Group 2, fourth to sixth grade; Group 3, seventh to ninth grade; Group 4, high school.

Interested in perpetuating the tradition have been on exhibition at Sunset School for the last week. There will be prizes given to several divisions. The divisions are: Group 1, kindergarten to third grade; Group 2, fourth to sixth grade; Group 3, seventh to ninth grade; Group 4, high school.

TO THE HONORABLE MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL, Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Gentlemen:

The undersigned property owner and/or resident of Carmel is emphatically opposed to the placing of the city hall or of any building or structure of any kind on any part of Devendorf Plaza, the municipal park.

Date.....

School Dist. Votes 709-222 In Favor of \$150,000 in Bonds To Complete Job

Voters of the Carmel Unified School District voted yesterday in favor of the issuance of \$150,000 in bonds to complete the Carmel High School plant.

The total vote was 931. In favor of the bonds the total was 709. The "no" vote totaled 222.

In order to gain the two-thirds vote victory which is necessary for the issuance of bonds, the proponents had to register 622 votes. The "yes" vote yesterday of 709 gave a two-thirds majority of 87.

The favorable vote yesterday makes possible a gymnasium at a cost of \$60,000, a combination music room and cafeteria, \$22,000; \$25,000 for a shop building and equipment; two classrooms to cost \$12,000; tennis courts \$4,000, and completion of the fund necessary to build an underpass for the students under the state highway at the head of Ocean avenue.

Some Pros and Cons on the Election

With an average 60 votes cast hourly, Inspector W. L. Overstreet predicted that over 700 persons would come to the polls.

Elizabeth Palmer cast the first vote at 7:01. It was not until after 10 a. m. that the traffic formed a line to the right. From then on straight through to the polls.

The Old-Timers All Were There

With an occasional little girl appearing in to get a book, with

disappointed.

There is nothing like a money issue to bring people out to keep somebody else from spending it, without their permission, anyway. And the Bond Issue was no exception. Every voter was armed to the teeth with determination, pro and con. Some statements which we overheard—more than 50 legal feet away from the polls—follow:

Pro:
I once had to teach in an unfinished school. Now I am living in an unfinished house. I feel strongly against these unfinished things.

Carmel Valley 3:10 p. m.

We are so proud of our community in many ways. Why should we let Salinas and Monterey get ahead of us when it comes to the school?

Carmel 9:18 a. m.

Con:
How's it going?
It looks like the bonds will carry.
Oh hell!

Carmel 2:22

We need our money now for national defense. Why are we spending it on things children could learn to do without in times like these?

Carmel 1:05

Jessie Joan Brown hurried in toward evening, mostly out of breath. When pressed for a statement, she said, "Unaccustomed as I am to public voting, I am having a wonderful time." Statement from W. L. about 5:30 p. m. "Where's supper?"

—K. W.

West Point graduates dating from the classes of 1888 to 1940 assembled last Saturday night at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club when more than 100 officers attended the West Pointers Dinner. Speakers at the dinner were General J. W. Stilwell and General Walter K.

the Conduct and Etiquette sections and with William L. Overstreet acting majordomo over the whole affair, Carmel went to the polls yesterday to vote for the school bond issue in the library of the Sunset School.

Here in the steady stream of those who came in to make their X was glimpsed a cross-section of Carmel life. The real old timers who each have a breath of the real Carmel in their souls—William P. Silva, Mrs. Bernice Fraser, Trev Shand, Mrs. Alice Josselyn, Robert Leidig, Mrs. Eleanor Yates, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hill. In and out sauntered uninterested dogs, all of them black and white, keeping in tune with the ballot coloring. Butchers' aprons, slacks, immaculate dark suits, smocks, sleek fur pieces—they all found their way to the polls to push or to pull the issue concerned.

Everything ran in smooth order. Eugene Watson looked up the voters' precincts before they entered the library. Mrs. Florinda Holm and Mrs. Elizabeth Sullivan were the board which issued the ballots and Overseer Overstreet was the inspector who ironed out all difficulties, saw that no one slipped him a double ballot and put the significant little pieces of paper into the big, black drum, following each with a resounding slap. All this was a pretty far call from the days back in 1910 when there were only about 200 people in town and the polls were held in the Philip Wilson real estate office on Ocean, and it was a big step to the days when Carmel citizens would be fighting a valiant fight so as to be able to send their children to a completed school rather than to half an institution.

—E. H.

Wilson. Very fine entertainment was provided in a program put on by some draftees.

of open space, owned by the city in the center of the business section, should not be violated by a structure of any sort. While other cities have for the last 20 years been buying open space whenever they could get it, it certainly would be a crime for Carmel to destroy the little it has.

The Cymbal "tradition" of drafting petitions has been laughed at, and yet we have accomplished much by our petitions. We did a great deal toward getting the two lanes of parked automobiles off the center of Ocean avenue. And who today will say that wasn't a noble action and forever to the benefit of Carmel?

Our petition a few months ago prevented the building of another garage and service station on Ocean avenue. Who is willing to stand up and say that wasn't something for the town?

We are forced to another petition. We believe that the city council should be given to understand that the people of Carmel do not want any part of Devendorf Plaza used for any kind of a building or structure of any sort. We believe that the people do not want this, and we intend to try to prove it to the council.

Therefore and hence, there appears on this page of The Cymbal a petition, addressed to the city council, in protest against its plan to put a city hall or a police station and jail on the city park. We have worded it simply. It says what it means and says it briefly. There can be no question as to the desires of the people if we can get enough of these to present it to the council.

It is the plan of the editor of The Cymbal to deliver to the council at every meeting from now on the number of the petitions we receive and the names of the petitioners. We will endeavor to have distributed about the city, in stores, if possible, and in the hands of citizens. We will have these out the first of the week.

In the meantime sign the petition appearing in this week's Cymbal and mail it in to us—that if, if you feel the way we do about it.

SCENIC DRIVE PLANS SHOULD CONSIDER THOSE WHO WALK

We are compelled to take issue with the city council on another matter we deem of great concern to the people of this city. Perhaps we should say that it is at Councilman P. A. McCreery, commissioner of streets, we should aim our barbs.

McCreery wants something done about Scenic Drive. He suggested to the council at Wednesday afternoon's meeting that perhaps the traffic danger down there could be solved by making it a one-way street from Ocean avenue to Thirteenth street.

It is true that Scenic Drive is not a comfortable road to propel an automobile along. There are narrow places, caused by trees far out in the road, which make it necessary to come to a complete stop if another car is approaching.

So what? The chief of police, in answer to a query put to him at the council meeting, admitted that there had been few if any accidents on Scenic Drive. That is readily understandable if you try driving along it. You can't go fast enough to be a menace, either to yourself or to another motorist. You have to crawl along. That's fine. If there were more streets like that in Carmel, there would be fewer accidents, and fewer cases of heart-failure on the part of pedestrians and the parents of children.

May you make a one-way street

Captain and Crew of Free France Ship in Bali Room at Del Monte Tomorrow

Captain and crew of the schooner Benicia, first ship to enter a United States port flying the flag of "free France," will be at the Bali Room at Hotel Del Monte tomorrow night for a party. It will be a Tahitian Party, but whether it's the Tahitians who are giving it to Del Monte, or Del Monte who is giving it to the Tahitians, isn't quite clear.

Anyway, it will be fun!

Tahitians love a party. Louis Chataignes, skipper of the Benicia, and his crew of 14 haven't had a party since they left Tahiti, and it took them 43 days to reach San Francisco. Zelda Reed, a writer, and the only woman on the ship, will be with them.

Tahitians are happy people. They sing, they dance, they drink—because they're happy. The songs they sing are hymns, believe it or not, but the composers would never recognize them and certainly not the missionaries who made them sing nothing but hymns years ago. The words are different, for one thing. They're in Tahitian and mostly obscene. The music is strangely altered. They have so much fun when they sing and play that it's impossible not to get up and dance and stamp and wave a bottle—even though your astonished ears, in a sober moment, report that this melody was once "Jerusalem the Golden" or "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem."

They sing their own version of jazz and Tahitianized Tin Pan Alley ditties too, all with dozens of verses none of them having anything at all to do with the original, all gay, practically all of them dirty.

In Tahiti they use grass skirts for dancing. Every householder keeps a few hanging around his shack, just as he keeps a few spare guitars on hand, because in Tahiti somebody's going to start strumming

out of Scenic Drive, with its 40-foot roadway, you would be inviting speed on the part of automobile drivers.

And what about the people who like to walk along Scenic Drive, the only street we have which is really delightful for walking—that is, that could be delightful for walking?

There is no consideration of them in McCreery's suggestion.

We'll make one. Turn Scenic Drive into a one-way street, but narrow the roadway to 25 feet, all that is necessary for automobiles, but narrow enough to keep their speed down.

And then mark off the 15 feet along the Ocean edge of the street for walkers and only walkers.

That would be something. It would not be contributing to the development of automobile traffic menace in Carmel.

And it would be giving people who prefer to walk, and see the sunsets when they look at them, and enjoy an hour of beach instead of a whizzing two-minutes of it, a chance to keep both their eyes sea-ward instead of wearing one in the back of their heads to prevent injury or sudden death.

—W. K. B.

a guitar, and somebody's going to get up and dance. Practically everybody in Tahiti can play some instrument; if not a guitar, then a ukulele, a mouth organ or a kerosene tin.

In Tahiti everyone wears flowers, every day, all the time, party or no party. Even the men stick them behind their ears and in their hair and are not considered sissy.

The reason Louis Chataignes sailed the Benicia to San Francisco is because Tahiti is running short of things like asperin, olive oil, razor blades, typewriter ribbons and printed cotton for their pareus. With a war on Tahiti is the forgotten land. But being a Tahitian Capt. Chataignes has decided to call "time out" on the business, of loading and come down to Del Monte in a special car hitched onto the Del Monte train, arriving at Del Monte depot at 6:50 p.m. tomorrow evening.

The flag of "free France" will fly from the flag pole of Hotel Del Monte, which is pretty significant and will undoubtedly have quite an effect in diplomatic circles.

Newspaper photographers and newsreel men will meet them, and so will Mayor Emmet McMenamin of Monterey.

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Bishop Parsons Talks To Carmel Women

The Right Rev. Edward Lamb Parsons, retired Episcopal bishop of California, gave an address on "Democratic Living in a Small Community" to some 60 women members of the three Peninsula and the Salinas Episcopal parishes at a meeting held a week ago Thursday, Mar. 13, at All Saints Church. Bishop Parsons gave a thorough discussion of issues confronting religion as the result of the war and revolved his discussion around the belief that "modern history is the struggle of Europe against Christianity."

In his speech the Bishop was enthusiastic in his praise for the "Malvern Manifesto," recently enunciated by the Archbishop of York and other English church leaders which calls for drastic social change as "a practical realistic basis for a Christian society."

He closely identified the Christian church with the United States democracy and concluded with the statement, "The church must face social issues and determine what must be done. The world is your parish."

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DOG DAYS and NIGHTS



by
JOAN
BROWN

"In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

—Tennyson

Romance blossoms in the Mission Tract. The young man with a romantic fancy is tall, dark and very handsome Rex Harrison of the Mission Ranch Club. The recipient of his thoughts of love is lovely Brenda Ford. The engagement of the young couple is soon to be announced by Brenda's master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford.

Rex, aside from being an ardent suitor, is a wise one. For some time now he has been coming to call, not on Brenda, but on her mistress, to make friends with her and to impress her with his sterling qualities. Then, in the dignified manner of the old-fashioned beau, Rex asked for her permission to pay court to Brenda.

Brenda, being a very modern maid, was quite intrigued with Rex's old-school manners—and with Rex. So soon it will be "wedding bells" for this very attractive couple.

+ + +

Flashlight Rusty, the handsome airedale sent to Private Everett Scott to take the place of his beloved Laddie has been adopted by Major General Joseph W. Stilwell.

When Deanna Durtin gave Private Scott an airedale, the young soldier decided he couldn't keep Rusty and Mickey, the new dog, too. General Stilwell and Rusty had met and had liked each other immensely, so the General said he would adopt Rusty. So now it is "Rusty Stilwell," and he is very, very happy because he has such a good home and a master who is not only a Major General—but a real dog-lover, which Rusty considers much more important.

+ + +

Now Patsy Henderson is six and six candles will be burning

brightly on her birthday cake when she celebrates the gala occasion next week. Patsy came to Carmel when she was a wee thing two months old, and has lived here ever since. She is well-known in the village as one of our prettiest red-heads.

Patsy hopes her dearest friend, Mickey de Packh, will be here in time to help her eat the cake for it is rumored that Mickey, who has been having a wonderful time wintering in Tucson, is returning to Carmel very soon.

+ + +

There is a most attractive new-comer in the village. He is a tiny little fellow named Pee Wee and he has come to live with Dr. and Mrs. Terry.

Pee Wee is a Belgian Schipperke, which is Flemish for "little skipper," the name given these little dogs because they used to ride on the canal boats in Belgium and Holland and catch rats and act as watch dogs.

Pee Wee wears a glossy black coat. He has perky little ears and bright, shiny black eyes. He may be little—but he has a very great deal of charm.

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To hear them singing and dancing
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Del Monte

Capt. Chataignes and his crew are not professional entertainers. They will be guests at Del Monte and will entertain you as they would if you visited Tahiti.

NOTE—There will be no increase in price,
but reservations should be made at once.

Lindeman Sisters Here Tuesday for British Aid

At the last appearance of the Lindeman sisters here they made such a hit that we need do no more than mention that they are coming Tuesday evening for a benefit performance for the local Bundles for Britain project and the Carmel Playhouse will be sold out.

Yet we like to write about the way these three sisters from old Mexico can beat on a goatskin drum or pluck melody out of a guitar. We think their colorful manner revives the fiesta spirit in a special authentic way.

The audience gets a flight of butterflies in the multi-hue of the dancers' skirts. In their songs, there is the sound of many small fountains playing. But there is more than that. When you put the whole program back into your appreciative \$1.10 you'll find the multiple silver change of a can-teen—mobile, a gift from Carmel.

In addition, some lucky ticket-holder will be given the handcarved footstool which Mrs. William McCabe made and covered with needle point.

The tickets are now on sale at the Art Gallery, Staniford's, Tilly Polak's and Dolores Pharmacy.

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Carmel High School Notes

It might have taken place on some flower-spangled Argentine pampa under an ombu tree. From four small fires rose light wisps of smoke, a generous heat, and the mouth-watering fragrance of broiling steaks. Deep in the woods were potatoes, and near at hand loaves of bread and cooling drinks. Only the marshmallows were a little incongruous, but the Carmel High School Spanish Club didn't care about that. They were hungry.

Club President Eade Jordan had named Tuesday afternoon's meeting as a typical Argentinian guacho scene and Mary Marshall, Bob Garguilo, Howie Lavinson, Peter Elliott, Phil Winningstad, William Lange, Charles Heebner, Gordon Stoddard, Meta Gossler, Jeannie Alexander, Mary Uzzell, Louise Marshall, Eleanor Hart, Marjorie Wermuth, Yvonne Welsh and Dene Jurgens, besides advisors Alele Osborne and Donald Craig were there to enjoy the feast. The experiment was a huge success. The next meeting will be celebrated in Monterey at a Mexican dinner.

The third authority to speak on "vocations" before the senior class of the Carmel High School took his place upon the rostrum Friday morning. He was Harold Moser, shop teacher of Monterey High School, and his former students heard his talk on "Opportunities in Mechanical Fields" with genuine interest.

Moser followed William Crabbe, district manager of the P. G. & E., who gave an extremely interesting and informative talk on "Public Utilities," its types of work, possibilities of advancement, and rate of pay.

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'Who Was Your Dad?' This Question Will Not Be Asked at Fort Ord's Big Dog Show Tomorrow Afternoon

Right off they inform you that the American Kennel Club rules do not govern the first annual all (or none) breed Dog and Pet Show at Fort Ord tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

The show is sponsored by officers and men at Fort Ord "who would rather forget about the whole thing," so they have announced, but if you have a sense of humor and any love in your heart for an animal (they will be there from alligators to ducks), you'd better be there.

Classes for dogs, and the prizes for each, are listed herewith:

1. Dog least likely to succeed at the Westminster Kennel Club—Prize, Fire Hydrant.
2. Most of breed — Prize, Flags of all nations.
3. Most fleas—Prize, Chinese back scratcher.
4. Dirtiest dog—Prize, Bath by Evalyn Londahl.
5. Most apt to break mess fund—Prize, Bone.
6. Most time a sire—Prize, Wedding license.
7. Hatched the largest litter—Prize, Baby buggy.
8. Most tricks—Prize, Cup.
9. Worst dog—Prize, Purple

ribbon.

In the general pet class, the prizes will go to the most unusual, the silliest, and the most charming reptile. Prizes have not been thought up yet.

In the miscellaneous class, the prize, a can of rat poison, will simply go to the noisiest entrant.

Kennel Club officers are:

Lt. Col. Harvey Edwards, president; Maj. A. T. W. Moore, 1st vice president; Maj. Joseph Bush, 2nd vice president; Maj. H. L. Ingham, 3rd vice president; Maj. C. F. Burbach, 4th vice president; Capt. Allen C. Miller, 6th vice president; Lt. D. C. Warwick, 7th vice president; Lt. W. J. Redmond, janitor.

The judges, whose decisions "are apt to be made the day before the show," are:

Mrs. Vanderbilt Phelps — Horses and ducks.
Mrs. Rinaldo L. Coe — Cockatoos and goats.

Lt. Col. Raymond Lovell — Maternity.

Maj. J. G. Townsend — Same.
Joe West — Alligators.
Winsor Josselyn — His own sweet self.

P.-T. A. Food Sale On Tomorrow

Marjorie Lloyd sat at our desk the other day and made succulent conversation over home-made bread and juicy hams, layer cakes with butter-scotch fillings, chewy cookies, salads, and all manner of luscious. It wasn't that she had brought a basket of lunch. She was spreading the news that the P.-T. A. food sale will start off early tomorrow morning and go like hotcakes in the mountains until 6 p.m.—if the tables groan that long.

The sale is being held next door to the Dolores Pharmacy. You can be sure that the food will be delicious with every school mother taking a competitive culinary fling.

While we listened to the pep talk from Marjorie about the child welfare in which the P.-T. A. engages, and to which go the profits from the food sale—yes, and while we admire the spirit of the project immensely—we still admit that it's the aromas of the home-made bread and that ham which is planning our dinner tomorrow night as it comes off the assembly line of the P.-T. A. food sale.

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Four days, May 1 to 4, will be occupied by the historic annual May Day celebration at Los Banos, reports the California

Telfer Will Read Tomorrow Night

"Mr. and Mrs. Cugat," that riotous married couple, fictionalized by Isabel Horick, will be presented tomorrow evening by Ronald Telfer at the American Legion Hall. This maddening two-some may be a little difficult, but best Telfer will manage to make their peccadillo understandable. (I can't wait to hear him as the saucy Mrs. Cugat. That will be a 50c listen, indeed.)

The Cugats we shall find amusing. In "The White Cliffs," an English hour made indestructible by the words of Alice Duer Miller, we shall witness a splendid kind of courage.

Following the reading, refreshments will be served. Mrs. Weaver Kitchen and Mrs. G. H. Burnette will pour. Hostesses will be Mrs. J. W. Getsinger, Mrs. Earl Jukes, Mrs. I. C. Gansel and Miss Nancy Clark.

Mrs. William H. Muscutt, president of the Auxiliary, and Mrs. Fred Goss are decorating the hall.

Tickets may be purchased from Staniford's or from an Auxiliary member.

State Automobile Association. Features will include free barbecues, parades, dancing, concerts, and a circus.

Templeton Here Saturday Mar. 29

"I truly believe that we are ready for a decided return to melodic inspiration and to general clarity and charm," says Alec Templeton who is coming to Sunset Auditorium a week from tomorrow evening under Kit Whitman management.

This piano genius feels that certain ultra-modernists are exaggerating melody out of its sincere form by throwing into it discordant notes and "brutal elements" to shock the ear and keep their music out of the old-fashioned files. This, Templeton berates.

Listeners to the popular "Alec Templeton Time"—and to his many appearances on the air and in concert, will be astonished to learn this while the sound of some of his boogie-woogie Bach is ringing in their ears. The fact is that Templeton is not a hodge-podge burlesque on the piano who happened to strike it lucky. He may play "swingphony" but he has an enviable musical background with which to do it.

To mimic Bach it is necessary to know Bach straight. To satirize Mendelssohn and Haydn and Grieg, and any operatic solo that comes to mind, basso or soprano, to play over on the piano a conversation after listening to a guest's voice for only a few moments takes something more than a sense of humor.

Since he was two, Templeton has played the piano, and since he was four, he has been a composer. He won acclaim at the Royal Academy of Music in London where he enrolled at the age of 12. He is an outstanding musical personality, known from one end of the world to the other.

In 1939 a nation-wide poll named him as the outstanding radio personality of the year. The following year he maintained this lead position, as verified by the press.

Templeton can start with Bach or Beethoven or Liszt and sharp off to "Pop Goes the Weasel"—and make his audience love it. Furthermore, he can put his own voice to such heights of mimicry that he is practically inimitable.

Serious work includes a symphony, piano concerto, trio for flute, oboe and piano, a violin sonata and numerous piano scores.

Here, at last, is a fellow nimble enough to please any listener, anywhere. He is radio's perfect complexion, supple,

well-toned, rosy but pigmented with blue, wind-clean and freckled with those impeccable little impressions.

We remind you of Templeton's record-breaking attendance wherever he goes. This word to the wise is sufficient. Reservations may be made at the Art Institute here, or at Pease Drug Store in Pacific Grove, Lial's Music Shops in Monterey and Carmel, or at Abinante's in Monterey.

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Easter Sunrise Services at Yosemite have long been famed as the most beautiful and inspirational services in California, as well as the latest Easter morning service on record, reports the Beverly Hills office of the National Automobile club. This year the service will begin at 9:21 on Easter morning, April 13, in the natural amphitheater at Mirror Lake.

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Dinner 5:30 to 9:30

Whitney's

In the Heart of Carmel

CARMEL CYMBAL

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W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR

THE CYMBAL IS ON SALE AT
DEL MONTE HOTEL, MONTEREY,
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THE GROVE PHARMACY, PACIFIC
GROVE.

Carmel Tides

| March | LOW | HIGH | |
|-------|-----------|------------|--|
| 21 | 5:07a 4.6 | 12:09p 0.0 | |
| | 7:00p 4.0 | | |
| March | LOW | HIGH | |
| 22 | 0:20a 2.2 | 6:17a 4.5 | |
| | 1:06p 0.0 | 7:50p 4.3 | |
| 23 | 1:21a 1.9 | 7:19a 4.6 | |
| | 1:55p 0.0 | 8:32p 4.5 | |
| 24 | 2:12a 1.6 | 8:12a 4.6 | |
| | 2:34p 0.1 | 9:09p 4.6 | |
| 25 | 2:55a 1.3 | 8:59a 4.6 | |
| | 3:09p 0.3 | 9:42p 4.7 | |
| 26 | 3:33a 1.1 | 9:42a 4.5 | |
| | 3:41p 0.4 | 10:13p 4.7 | |
| 27 | 4:08a 0.8 | 10:24a 4.3 | |
| | 4:11p 0.7 | 10:40p 4.7 | |
| 28 | 4:42a 0.6 | 11:05a 4.2 | |
| | 4:40p 1.0 | 11:06p 4.6 | |
| 29 | 5:16a 0.4 | 11:46a 4.0 | |
| | 5:10p 1.3 | 11:33p 4.6 | |
| 30 | 5:53a 0.4 | 12:30p 3.9 | |
| | 5:43p 1.6 | | |
| March | HIGH | LOW | |
| 31 | 0:00m 4.5 | 6:32a 0.4 | |
| | 1:20p 3.7 | 6:18p 2.0 | |

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'Why a Man Should Be A Churchman' Topic Of Dr. Crowther

At the Church of the Way-farer Sunday morning Dr. James E. Crowther will discuss the question, "Why a Man Should Be a Churchman." Miss Nancie Spencer will sing, "These Are They Which Came Out of Great Tribulation," from the oratorio, "The Holy City," by A. R. Gaul. Miss Jewell Brookshier will be at the organ. The service is at 11 o'clock. Strangers and visitors are cordially invited.

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Radio Technician Class Doing Swell Things

The Radio Technician class at the Carmel Adult School is in the midst of rehearsing for a radio show which will be presented in the Sunset Auditorium in the near future. The scripts being used are all original plays written by Carmel people.

Next Wednesday, Mar. 26, Victor J. Carpe from Vic's Radio Store in Monterey is planning to be present to make voice recordings at nominal charges for members or their friends, this will all take place at 7:30 in the Sunset School library.

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Christian Science Services

In all Christian Science churches, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass., a Lesson-Sermon will be read Sunday, March 23, on the subject "Matter."

The Golden Text will be: "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it" (Isaiah 40: 6, 7).

Rachel Morton's Program a Delightful And Generous One at Musical Art Club

When Rachel Morton sings her audience sings with her, perhaps not in voice but certainly in heart. It could not be otherwise for her gracious manner invites her listeners irresistibly. Miss Morton does not want to impress you. She wants to sing to you. So she tells you a little about the songs first, if they are in a language you may not know, and then she shows you what the songs are.

Now they are not patterns of notes any longer. Perhaps they are a trout caught unsuspectingly by a trick and yanked out of a ripple. Or the scent of roses, or the thoughts of a poet. They may be birds or lullabies. Of all these little things songs are made, as living is filled with instants.

Miss Morton's program was a generous one at the Musical Art Club with Lieder songs, a Massenet aria, and then a group of contemporary compositions sung in English. In all of them she was a most enjoyable artist.

On the program with Miss Morton was Angie Machado, playing three Debussy numbers

in honor of the composer whose death occurred 23 years ago this month. She chose to play some of his lesser known compositions.

I wanted very much to like these numbers when Miss Machado played them but I found that, capable pianist though she was, the esoteric, inexplicable Debussy had slyly eluded her.

All that music made of water and moonlight sounded suddenly very earthly and solid. The flying luminosity had dissolved entirely. This may be because musicians find that the notes of Debussy, once learned, become ciphers again. From there the artist deals with intangibles.

These musical evenings have a place aside from the significant impetus which they give to music on the Peninsula. There is an intimacy with the artists which is felt even in the comparatively formal atmosphere of a recital. The bond between audience and artist establishes a communication which adds immeasurably to the individual's membership in such a group.

—K. W.

Walt's Looks as Though It Was Hit by Bomb

It looks as though a touch of the 1941 Piccadilly Circus has crept into Walt's Dairy—but rather than an unfortunate bombing that big, gaping hole in the wall to the left of the door is the first visible sign of Walt's expansion program which will carry him into what was formerly Beverly's House of Flowers.

It was a hard fight getting through those walls, for they were not made with the intention of ever being torn down. But finally first one side surrendered to the drill, then the other. Peering through all the crumbled plaster and wire and whatever goes to make up the innermost of any respectable wall reveals the large next door room where Walt will sell bulk candy and which he will fill with lots of tables. All of which makes it seem as though Walt's patrons are certainly going to have plenty of elbow room to swing their sodas.

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Sunset Menu

Monday—Cream of mushroom soup, string beans, macaroni with tomato and cheese, mixed fruit salad, butterscotch pudding.

Tuesday—Scotch broth, carrots, scalloped potatoes with ham, vegetable salad, peaches and cream.

Wednesday—Cream of tomato soup, artichokes, corn loaf, pear and cottage cheese salad, ice cream.

Thursday—Mongol soup, asparagus, hot dogs, Sunset salad, ice cream.

Friday—Vegetable soup, stewed tomatoes, salmon loaf.

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Democratic Club Meets Friday, April 4

The next regular meeting of the Carmel Women's Democratic Club will be held at Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger's home on Stewart way and Scenic Drive on Friday afternoon, April 4 at 2 o'clock.

Members of the club and all women voters desiring to join this organization are invited to attend.

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IN CARMEL Everybody Reads THE CYMBAL

Bill Wick Answers All On KDON Book Hour

Bill Wick served his apprenticeship with riddles worried into by Dieselized converted Buicks. He spent his first trip to Carmel under one.

Today he is the World Book Answer Man. Such miscellanea as "What animal's skeleton do most people keep in their bath tubs?" requires only a listen in over KDON Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 5:24 p.m. If you miss Bill on the air, he will send you a booklet of such Q's and A's at the slightest request.

Of, if you prefer Holman's Column of the Air at 10:30 every morning you will get the right shopping answers. Grace Mack has them but she takes a little side-limbing from encyclopediac Bill, who, when he is not reconnoitering with a Buick, is cogitating a question.

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Dorothy Comingore Has A Baby Daughter

In the January 17 number of The Cymbal we said that Dorothy Comingore was the leading lady in the latest Orson Welles picture and was going to have a baby in seven months. It was an article by Kyle Crichton in that week's Collier's which gave us this hot tip.

Today we hear that Dorothy Comingore has a little daughter—Judith Melinda who was born December 31 in Hollywood.

We've tried it several times but no matter how many times we figure it we still can't get seven months from January 17 to March 20.

Showing that we haven't lost faith entirely we're still counting on seeing Dorothy star in the Welles picture.

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L. P. Hauck; FAMILY FAILING, by E. M. Bower; BY HOOK OR CROOK, by R. A. J. Walling; THE BLUE CLOAK, by Temple Bailey; THE REMARKABLE ANDREW, by Dalton Trumbo; DELILAH, by Marcus Goodrich.

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CYMBAL WANT ADS go places, see people and do things—to 'em.

Steve Patterson's Has First Birthday in New Location

A year ago this week Steve Patterson moved his Old Chop House, bag and baggage, two blocks west, settled it down on new floor joists, weighted it down with heavy red mission tile and waited for the town to grow down that way. He didn't have to wait long. Now he has the Post Office, magnet of the village, just around the corner.

Mr. and Mrs. Steve Patterson opened the Old Chop House eight years ago after retiring from a much bigger business, the Star Grill in San Jose. Steve's restaurant is an institution, opening at the crack of dawn to feed the boys on the milk route and other early birds.

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The meeting of La Collecta Club was held last Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Annetta Crouch at which Mrs. C. F. Haskell read excerpts from "The Great American Family" by Lee Shippey. Mrs. Sarah Lawrence of Los Angeles was a guest at the meeting.

The next meeting will be held Wednesday, April 2 at the home of Mrs. Victor Graham.



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CLANGING CYMBALS

But there, I started out weeks ago to tell you about Aunt Fanny and that row of peonies.

In a trunk in our attic is a tinsy of Aunt Fanny at seventeen. A girl with a wistful face, an Emily Dickinson face. With it are two water colors she did while she was attending the the Female Seminary in Concord, and they have a fragile beauty like her own. She fell in love with one of the married teachers at the school and somehow the matter got noised about, because she left school and married Uncle Henry, that hunk of a man. Because she came of a good family and had some money and because her baby died, which savored of the judgment of God, the Town soon forgot.

There is a fine word in botanical lingo for such as she, for the many women like her who were products of the Puritan tradition; indehiscence, closed at maturity. Like an apple, the seeds of whose living show only at decay. Dozens I could name in Henniker alone who have a moment of pleasant fruition when the sun is lowering. Uncle Henry died when Aunt Fanny was in her early sixties, and she had a season of fantastical seeding then.

Pinky was the first of these seeds. One day Aunt Fanny rang my mother on the 'phone and begged her to come right over, and hung up without explaining. Mother wiped dough from her fingers and took down her barn coat. Something must be quite wrong for Aunt Fanny's telephonic time-record was Olympic. She could talk half the morning about a new bud on her white geranium and did she, Agnes, prefer coffee or tea to stimulate her oxalis?

When Mother got there, Aunt Fanny's old cheeks were pink as apple blossoms and you'd have thought she was a girl in love. She was. All her life she had wanted a cat, but Henry wouldn't have a cat, and there, crouched away in the corner under her kitchen stove was a white kitten. How it had got there, inside her house; where it could have come from, these were mysteries. But the mystery itself was the cat.

When Mother had hauled it out from under the stove and quieted the red fright in its eyes, Aunt Fanny took it to her bosom. Mother said she was exactly like a child. She had a way of shifting her weight from one foot to the other when she was excited, as a child does, and Mother said she just testered there, clutching the kitten and asking over and over if Agnes thought she could really keep it.

Here was something no Sargent could understand and at dinner time we discussed it as if it were, as indeed it was, a major tragedy of a life. When they were first married, Henry had taken Fanny's cat by the tail one day and carried it out behind the shed and wrung its neck. Aunt Fanny had never forgiven him for that; she had heard the cat cry out and she had henceforward hated Henry unremittingly. It seemed to her now that some power higher than mere coincidence, had directed this white kitten with its transparent pink ears, to her door. She was, in fact, half convinced that the cat had not come in through the door at all, for she swore all the doors

were locked. Before the day was out, she had boiled up a lot of herbs and simples and puppy-dogs in the cauldron of her mind and Pinky had become a miracle.

Looking back now, I think she must that day have passed over the threshold of the mind that leads along the corridors outside what we like to think of as sanity. She lived for Pinky until she nearly had all of us crazy. She would shut herself up with her cat, knitting fine wool blankets for it, making nests of goose feather pillow and petit point cushion and priceless paisley. Daily she pestered us to go to the village for tidbits—liver and salmon and fresh fish. We had always supplied her with milk, and now she set it in the buttery and skimmed off the thickest cream for Pinky. The kitten grew fat and horrible, like a great furred slug and it cried all the time, because she would not let it out of doors for fear it would get away from her. How she reconciled the fact that she was sure it got in without benefit of the usual rules of entry, but couldn't get out again she never said.

Her house had always been a shambles. Now it was something of a horror. Pinky was in everything; on the kitchen table stuck in a saucer of molasses; after a mouse in the barrel of sugar Aunt Fanny kept in her spare bedroom; asleep on the innumerable bags of candy Aunt Fanny kept for us in the drawers of the magnificent highboy in the living room or in the kitchen lowboy which the first American Halls had brought over from London in the seventeenth century. The chocolate creams that had always been our reward for bringing over a pie, or the striped sticks of peppermint candy, were all stuck up with hair and besides that Pinky was subject to skin afflictions and abscesses from her excess of intake and difficulties in outgo.

Aunt Fanny had begged one of our old high chairs and Pinky sat at table with her, bolstered up on quilts that were museum pieces, nibbling at fish that had been sent up especially from the Boston market on the paper train that morning.

At night she slept in the ancient trundle bed that pulled out from under Aunt Fanny's own great four-poster, and took her naps in the gooseneck rocker that had been my own favorite. Without hindrance, she lept from mantle to whatnot, strewing ruby glass and fragments of Sevres and royal Wedgwood and early American glass in her wake. Never mind, Aunt Fanny would say happily, gathering up the pieces. It was only an old decanter my great-grandmother brought from France when she was a girl.

And Aunt Fanny was happy.

no doubt of it. The blush lingered on her cheeks and she was no longer just a lonely old lady.

I guess she must have been right about Pinky's ability to defy the laws, because she called my mother in an almost hysterical condition one morning to say that Pinky was sick unto death. Mother sighed, and went to see what she could do. Aunt Fanny had the cat clamped to the rug with her left hand and her right hand firmly on Pinky's hind end.

Mother said, Fanny, if you'll take your hands away she'll be all right.

She had two horrid kittens, both dead, and she did not herself survive the ordeal.

Grief drove Aunt Fanny from home. Only once in her adult life before—the time she had had to go to Boston for her operation—had she stayed from home overnight. But now she wanted to get away from the house, from the memory of Pinky. She wanted to stay the winter with us, but Grandmother Sargent was to have our big front chamber that winter and it was arranged that Aunt Fanny should move to the village for the three worst months. They had made over the top floor of the Preston block into two apartments and a woman from the village whom we all knew and who occupied the other apartment, called by one day and persuaded Aunt Fanny to the move. She came in her car and carted her off, with a few of her familiar belongings which were destined never to be seen again—the lowboy in the kitchen, a Duncan Phyfe table, the set of Wedgwood.

She rather enjoyed the winter. The woman was neighborly, bringing her hot soups and letting her sit about in her antique shop, so she could visit with the townspeople. But she was glad when we went to see her, was glad of the pie and the Saturday beans. She allowed as hot soups were all right in their way, but not very filling. And she was happier to get home that spring than she had ever been. She seemed well and Pinky was lost in limbo.

She hadn't been home very long, however, when Mother was summoned hurriedly on the telephone to investigate a burglary. When Mother got there, Aunt Fanny was half out of her mind. Someone had come in the night and taken one of her white-footed black stockings!

Now if she had one pair of

those stockings, she had two or three hundred. But someone had come in the night and taken one sock.

Innocents that we were! Certainly we should have known then where that one white-footed stocking would lead. But we didn't. We were pure of heart at Fernside. We were a little simple, too, if you ask me.

—LYNDA SARGENT

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Douglas School Notes

At the Pebble Beach Racquet Club last week-end, the girls from Douglas School played in the first series of the Northern California Girls' Inter-scholastic Tennis Association Tournament. The players who came from Miss Burke's and Miss Hamlin's Schools in San Francisco were guests at Douglas.

Team from Miss Burke's: Elizabeth Naffziger, Eleanor Roe, Janet Hale, Marcia Simon, Lillian Dillman, Virginia Boyd.

Team from Miss Hamlin's: Frances Greenberg, Sally Moffatt, Beth Martin, Alva Dinneen, Jeannie Dalquist, Dickie Shainwald.

Team from Douglas: Pat Shephard, Gerry Shephard, Marion Barlow, Anne Earle, Mary Wilhoit, Anne Whitman.

Northern scholastic polo honors between girls will be settled Sunday and Monday on the Del Monte polo grounds (lower field) with competition from schools in San Jose, Santa Cruz and Palo Alto vying with the team from Douglas School. The first team counts Phyllis

Havenstrite, Che Moody, Patricia Leimert and Shirlee Alan. On the second team are Marion Barlow, Peggy Turner, Peggy Kaime and Ann Earle.

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| 10:55 | 11:20 |
| 12:05 P.M. | 12:25 P.M. |
| 12:50 | 1:30 |
| 2:00 | 2:30 |
| 2:45 | 3:20 |
| 4:00 | 4:30 |
| 5:05 | 5:30 |
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The FIRST GALLEY

Some time ago, writing enthusiastically to an Eastern friend, I tried to lure her out here for a few months. Of course, the beauties of Carmel had often been described to her; this time I concentrated on how lovely it would be out here in February compared to what it was there. I bore down heavily on the warm sunny days, the clear, fogless air, the deep blue of the sea—well, in a word, "Come to Carmel for an ideal winter vacation!"

She wasn't able to come, which was just as well, any loyal Californian will agree, considering what kind of weather we had in February. We didn't have snow but we were very wet just the same—and how little of my promise of blue skies and caressing sunshine would have been made good!

I was thinking about it one dark rainy morning toward the end of last month. We were all so wear of the downpour, the apparently endless precipitation, as scientists call it. It was getting on our nerves and we were feeling a deeper, more sympathetic understanding for the characters in Somerset Maugham's famous short story. My aunt even gave it as her opinion that if this kind of weather continued people wouldn't stand for it, there'd be a revolution.

And yet—thinking about other parts of the country, what so there so terrible about a few months of rain? This is merely the dark side of our winter, dark and yet, with the glory of spring dependent on it, we can hardly call it even that. While the newspapers were full of stories of terrifically cold spells all over the country, with sub zero temperatures, cutting blizzards, crippling snowdrifts, and people killed by the freezing weather, out here our winter deluges have been playing the part of a benign giant paint brush sloshing a welcome green over the hills and fields. And instead of looking forward with reluctance to continued months of cold and indoor life we knew that February sees the beginning of our annual pageant of indescribable beauty, the California wild flowers. Already the rich orange gold of the poppy had appeared in stray spots beside the road; already the mustard was mingling with the soft green growth in the fields and was smoothly spread on those shelves which are tucked up among the hills like big emeralds set in the chaparral.

Rain and dull skies certainly came to us this year in an astonishing and depressing quantity but it seems silly to let them get us down very far because, after all, their stay with us can't ever be over than brief, compared to other places. In fact, it is as if winter and spring came together, hand in hand.

I used to think of that during the long winters back East where spring was definitely behind winter, and oh what a long way behind it seemed about the end of January. To come were still February, usually the wintriest month of all, and March, raw and blustery, the hardest to bear because it should have been bringing spring and warmer weather, and never really did. I used to feel bitter against whoever was responsible for arousing so much vain hope in winter-weary hearts by setting the official date of the

coming of spring at the twenty-first of March.

Spring—Mud and slush and piercing blasts just at the time when you feel as if you couldn't stand another week of being so shut in. All the winter sports have departed with the clean deep snow that was at least a beautiful covering over the colorless landscape and useful if you were free to revel in it. And still it isn't warm enough for summer sports. Even walking in the country is generally impossible in March unless you wear rubber boots and enjoy ploughing through muddy roads or slipping precariously on the remnants of the grimy snow which has lingered on in woods and fields.

I used to get very homesick for California along about this time in the winter when we were living in Rhode Island. I remember one dreary day when our backyard was a pond, a pond about a foot deep, covering a bottom of frozen snow and ice. The Youngest Constant Eater, who was still too young for school, wanted to go out and investigate this phenomenon.

I never timed myself in dressing him for outdoors but I know it was a lengthy and complicated ceremony. First a sweater was pulled on and snugly buttoned up. Then the bulky snowsuit was dragged on over his clothes and the legs and front opening zipped up. Next came the high overboots with the three metal clasps—and why do children's legs go limp just when they should be stiff so you can get those darned galoshes forced on over shoes with too wide soles? And next? Oh yes, a close fitting helmet fastening under the chin and a knitted scarf around the neck to keep out the snow, and finally the woolen mittens—here, keep your fingers out straight!—and two safety pins to hold the cuffs up over the sleeves of the snow suit. Whew! Reminds me of Alice helping the White Knight get dressed for battle. . . . Well . . . Now a kiss, and out you go.

Breathing a sigh of relief as always after this strenuous exercise I stood that particular morning at the window and watched the little bundled-up figure make a precarious way

over the sloping and slippery bank at the foot of the back steps. Perhaps I would have time to wash my hair while he was out playing. The house was cosy and warm and I had no yearning to join my adventurous child on that dull cold day. Thankful that I knew he was adequately dressed I was about to turn away from the window when—out from under him went the feet of the little figure! I was watching and with a frantic waving of arms and a tremendous splash he slid down into the icy waters of the backyard pond! Surprise, horror, unhappiness flashed in a ludicrous mixture across his rosy face; then his sense of humor came to his rescue and he burst into laughter as he scrambled hastily to his feet and made for the door.

I remember that incident vividly and I remember how, all the time I was removing his wet sodden garments I was thinking with passionate longing of sunny February days in California. What a paradise for mothers of small children! Here it had taken me, surely fifteen minutes to put all these necessary clothes on my child to go out in—and about fifteen seconds later he was in again and I was taking them all off! Of course, I'll admit your child can get very, very wet in California but it is so easy to get him into dry things and if he is ordinarily tough it won't hurt him to be soaked through for a little while in our mild temperatures.

Funny thing, a typewriter. I can't make it out. I had no intention of writing about rain or weather or climates when I sat down—and look what happened! As the Youngest Constant Eater remarked, a little too cheerfully it seemed to me as I was grimly stripping off his icy wet clothes, "That's life!" Where he got this philosophical outlook at his early age I can't imagine but at four years he apparently knew quite a bit about life.

—CONSTANT EATER

Spring Fever Hits Mission Ranch Club

Spring fever has hit the Mission Ranch Club with a clatter of paint buckets. The splash is an off-white mist over everything. In addition, the bar is having its arches widened to give the sun room a chance to get in, or more people to get in, or maybe for Bill Good to get in. The swimming pool will probably be open by the first of April.

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British Aid Tea Great Success

With more than \$100 collected at the Bundles for Britain tea which was held in the garden of the Highlands home of Dr. and Mrs. William McCabe last Saturday, it looks like the mobile canteen which Carmel is buying has received its largest silver offering to date. More than 200 were there.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dickinson, donated a huge baked ham, which Mrs. E. C. Wilson took home. Tilly Polak's salad bowl set went to Mrs. Alfred Wheldon. The home-made cake made by Mrs. Richard Johnson found its way to Mrs. F. W. Ten Winkel.

Hostesses assisting Mrs. McCabe were Mrs. Agnes B. Rushworth, Mrs. Francis Halyard, Mrs. Fred Kane, Mrs. Eva De Galler, Mrs. Tom Fisher, Mrs. William Haley, Jr., Mrs. Calvert Meade, Miss Ruth Hickson and Miss Margery Simpson.

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The main highway from San Jose to Santa Cruz via Los Gatos is open and in good condition, states L. L. Norris, touring director of the National Automobile club. Although there were numerous slides on this road during the heavy rains in the last month, at no time was the road closed to through traffic.

Stock Company Two In Carmel Home

Lt. and Mrs. James Karst Connell, who were married around Christmas time at the home of Major and Mrs. Milo Matteson, are now back in Carmel and have taken the "Koses" cottage. Both have played stock from New Orleans to California, their first appearance together being in Martin Flavin's marital plot "Around the Corner." Mrs. Connell's stage name is Polly Mallitz. We have a feeling that we are going to see that name soon in local thespian neon.

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SPINDLING IT OFF

Sight of the Week: The grounds of Paradise Park strewn with blond colored cords of freshly cut wood and crisscrossed by tremendous fallen pines which have been grounded to make more room for homes. Big ones, all of them, lying with an air of dignity still, their roots forming high arcs of long tentacles encrusted in clods of dry dirt, their last contact with the soil. Caterpillars have been busily pulling down these huge noble-looking trees, bringing them down to earth from out of the sky to their graves on the ground to become burnt offerings to the great god, Increased Population.

Early Monterey adapted to modern ways—the technical name for some of the houses now being built around the Peninsula which hark to the architecture used by the earlier settlers around this part of the country. Present house builders of this order have been driving station wagons 50 miles or so to little towns where they rummage through junk yards and come back with a treasured load—of window shutters salvaged from old houses which are just the thing for 1941 versions of Early Monterey which calls for shutters both on the inside and outside of windows. Jean Draper and Jane Bunn, leading members of the shutter collecting club have managed to dig up from various sources enough to shutter both of their new homes and even came back with a couple of marble sinks and fireplaces.

On a Trip South: Looking more like the Last Days of Pompeii than the familiar landmark symbolic of its age—the old Paso Robles Hotel now stands a bare skeleton outlined by just a series of charred pillars. Before the fire several months ago which demolished it when it was a leading hot springs resort in its days of thriving splendor, this hotel always stood out as the one touch of elegance on the trip from Carmel to Los Angeles. A vestige of the days past, its architecture outlived its day, reminiscent of the style of the old Del Monte Hotel and Hotel Coronado, covered with gingerbread-like decorations and capped with hundreds of little peaks. Through the years as you traveled from north to south and south to north, always going past this well-worn jewel cupped in the heart of the almond country you slowly saw it deteriorate, with weeds flourishing where once spread smooth green lawns.

Seeing it now in its sad ruins brings to mind the time a Carmel woman stopped there overnight completely exhausted by the trip in the days when it was barely possible to make the 350 miles in two days. Shortly after establishing herself in her room she heard someone practicing scales on the piano—do, ra, me, fa, so—up and down—back and forth. Finding it impossible to get any sleep with scales practically being executed right on the headboard of the bed, she soon changed her room. When moving to her new quarters she had to step over a number of people sitting on the stairs—people intent upon listening to the scale playing. They may have only been scales, but they were scales being played by Paderewski.

She still changed her room.

Past Camp Edwards on the

101 highway outside of Paso Robles—a smaller version of Fort Ord with rows and rows of barracks which seem to have come out of the nowhere into the here. The boys sitting in groups by the edge of the road watching the Sunday traffic and just getting a whiff of Spring by sitting amongst cannon in the deep grass with the wildflowers and letting the sun sink in. Before, just cattle grazing land, now an entire community churning with khaki uniforms. The more energetic ones starting to walk towards town in laughing, out-of-step groups, the more lackadaisical ones sitting on little knolls swinging their legs over the edge while watching their Sunday afternoon floorshow—the highway as the stage presenting a strange mixture of automobile faces as an unending supply of entertainment.

Here in Carmel driving in real traffic is hardly one of the major problems and it takes a little ride on Wilshire Boulevard to convince you it still exists. There you are caught in a tide of cars which tear along in a steady stream going at an unbelievable pace, and you tear along just as fast as the rest because a slow down would surely mean instant demolition. It's exciting to know you're on one of the most dangerous streets in the whole United States, and to wonder just how much longer you can last, how much longer before someone gets out of line and presents a pile-up of 10 or 12 cars all on top of one another. It seems to be the latest sport of Southern Californians, probably providing one of the more stimulating highlights in the dull business day. Exciting, but nerve racking. Out of the tempo of the speedway onto the solitude of a less popular street, a slight case of jitters creeps up on you and you wonder just how you ever managed to make it. Once off the boulevard, to get on again is like trying to hop on a merry-go-round being run at 50 miles an hour by a drunken operator or to hitch onto a train when it is going full speed ahead. You're through. You've had enough excitement for the day. You stay on the peaceful, side street and gladly stop at every corner.

The advertising moguls are cashing in on this traffic constitution-breaker and on the street cars are large posters. "It's work to drive, why drive to work." Even the funeral parlors have managed to squeeze something out of the situation and one mortuary is now promising, "No long funeral procession through traffic" for at this establishment the chapel and the grounds are all together in a closed unit. Surely a definite advantage to be taken into serious consideration by all funeral goers.

—ELIZABETH HOUGHTON

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS cost little for one insertion, less per line for two, still less for three.

Babe Didrikson Plays Monday

"Babe" Didrikson will drive her sensational long-shots on to the Del Monte fairway Monday when the 18-hole Medal Play open tournament attracts the gallery for the benefit of the British War Relief Fund. With her will be 30 other ranking women golfers, including Helen Hicks, Clara Callender, Mary Morse and Barbara Beach Thompson, all of whom are competing for the Northern California Women's Championship.

All day Monday the Golf Club Grill will serve informally. Hordes of spectators are coming so it looks like a busy day from green to grill. Among those coming up for the play are Bing Crosby and Johnny Dawson.

The play goes on from Monday, though, with a qualifying round and match play at Pebble Beach from Wednesday to Sunday. Starting April 1, the Cypress Point course will see four days of Medal Play.

For the Monday event, the gallery gate is one dollar. Mrs. Eric Orrill-Martin is in charge of the ticket sale. Don't forget—Monday's for Britain.

+

Cricketeers Start Season Sunday

With this kind of weather continuing, the Del Monte Cricket Club is playing its first game of the season Sunday at the Del Monte Polo Grounds (upper field), starting at 1 p.m. promptly. All who want to play are urged to come out to give the Cricketeers a good start on their season.

+

Junior Violinists To Rehearse Bach

The Junior Violin Club is meeting tomorrow afternoon at the home of Delfo Giglio, Carmelo near Santa Lucia, to rehearse two Bach ensembles and several solos. Members of both the junior and senior groups of the club are students of Valona Brewer's classes. Later this month the senior group will present a program in Carmel.

+

All Saints Services

At All Saints' Church next Sunday, the 4th Sunday in Lent and commonly called Mothering Sunday, the Holy Communion Service will be at 8 a.m. The church school, with classes for young people of all ages, meets at 9:30 and at 11 the Service of the Morning Prayer is held, with a sermon message by the Rector, Rev. C. J. Hulsewe. The offertory anthem, "O Harken Thou, O Lord," will be sung by the full-vested choir, under the direction of Rev. E. Manhire, with Alice Lee Keith at the organ.

Each Thursday evening during Lent, at 4 p.m., there is evening prayer. On Fridays, at 10:45 a.m. in the Parish House, the Discussion and Study Class meets. The subject is "The Parables of Jesus."

+

Oakland's annual California Spring Garden Show has been set for April 3 to May 4, reports the California State Automobile association. Last year more than 100,000 attended.

Elliott Durhams, Formerly of Carmel, Write From England of Life Under Rain of Bombs and Fire

The following letter to Marion Shand from Hazel Durham, wife of Elliott Durham, Carmel residents for several years in the 1920's gives a good idea of the spirit of the British under the present strain and stress of war:

2 Claremont Garden
Sherwood Rise
Nottingham, England
Jan. 20, 1941

My Dear Marian:

We have not heard from you for quite a long time and presume your last report on the house must have gone down. The papers said mails between Nov. 4th and Dec. 6th were sunk.

We lost all Christmas mail—only heard from our sister in Toronto, a box of lovely toffee. A Vancouver friend who was in the last war sent us a parcel of butter, tea, sugar and chocolate. Not another thing of any kind, not even a letter till yesterday when one letter and some Canadian papers arrived. Did you renew our subscription to the Carmel Cymbal as we haven't had that for ages either? Think the year must be up now.

Real winter here—snowing steadily and nearly a foot on the ground. Hope we don't get too much. This is no country

for snow—it's so wet.

Elliott and I have joined a group of five watchers for the ten houses along here. Two on duty every night. We can stay in if there is no alert, but in case of one must patrol and watch for incendiaries and warn the other houses to come out and extinguish them as soon as possible. Fires make targets for the H. E. from the planes that follow. Have buckets of sand, water, hose, shovels, etc., all ready for quick service.

If the U. S. lets us have lots of ships and planes there is no doubt how the war will end but, as they said on the radio last night, we'll have hard times to go through before it's over.

Our meat ration seems plenty for us. We always did like lots of vegetables. We got half a leg of lamb last week end and can get quite a few meals off that. Have found that the "Canada First" brand of Irish stew in tins is very nice indeed. Seems to be in the shops quite plentifully at present. I should think we'd feel it all more next winter, as, of course, we've lost a lot of ships and must bring munitions in first.

No one complains here. We are all glad to put up with anything that must be done and Roosevelt realizes that. Think you have a lot of Fifth Columnists over there.

Well, no more news. Hope to hear from you soon. Our love to you both and best wishes for the new year and victory for our side.

Sincerely,

—HAZEL

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(Protestant : Episcopal)

MONT VERTS AND OCEAN AVENUE

The Rev. C. J. Hulsewe, Rector

"A House of Prayer for All People"

8:00 a.m. Holy Communion

9:30 a.m. Church School

11:00 a.m. Morning Prayer and Sermon

Christian Science Services

First Church of Christ, Scientist Carmel

Monte Verde St., one block North

of Ocean Ave., between 5th & 6th

Sunday School 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Service 11 a.m.

Wednesday Evening Meeting 8 p.m.

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Kathryn Window's telephone numbers are Carmel 1-100 and Carmel 856-W.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Oden entertained their friends with a barbecue last Sunday at their ranch up the Carmel Valley and according to all present it was the perfect way to spend Sunday afternoon—it was Spring and the wild flowers that got 'em.

The engagement of Eleanor Watson, daughter of Col. and Mrs. H. L. Watson, formerly of Carmel and now of Twenty-Nine Palms, to Nicholas Borotinsky of San Francisco was announced at a tea given by Mary Campbell last Saturday in Piedmont. The marriage will take place on May 3 at Dominic's Church in San Francisco, after which the couple will make their home somewhere in the Bay region.

The Watsons were of the earliest residents of Carmel and although they come back every now and then for a visit, their official headquarters for the last few years have been in Twenty-Nine Palms where Col. Watson has part ownership in the hotel there. Following her graduation from Dominican college in 1938, Eleanor left for Europe to study for over a year, after which she returned to get her master's degree at the University of California where she met her husband-to-be.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Snyder have a temporary home on Camino Real now in which they will stay until they get a home of their own finished. Snyder, an architect from Berkeley, will do the designing and they hope to get started right away.

Mrs. Sidney Small was visited for a few days last week by her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Harris of Grosse Pointe, Mich., who left last Tuesday for Hollywood where they stayed with Mr. Harris' family a few days before returning east. Mrs. Small with her other daughter, Betty, is staying at the Swain house in the Country Club until the middle of April.

Mrs. Vera Peck Millis, program chairman of the All Saints Women's Auxiliary, had as her houseguests last Monday Mrs. Norman Livermore of Ross, Mrs. Sumner Walters and Mrs. E. A. Kletzker of Alameda, Mrs. M. D. Bray and Miss Francis Young of San Francisco and Mrs. R. H. Tucker of Palo Alto who came down for an overnight conference of the Diocesan Womens Auxiliary. Tuesday they all attended a meeting in Salinas at St. Pauls Church.

The By Fords are having their vacationing daughters home from college this week and the next. Mary Jane Ford arrived home yesterday from the University of Oregon for her spring vacation. Rose Marie Arlen, Mrs. Ford's daughter, will be up from Pomona College at the end of this week, with a college mate, to enjoy a two-weeks' Easter interlude.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert T. Trevett, who are here from Utica, N. Y., are at Del Monte Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Kurth from Wisconsin have taken the Orcutt House in Pebble Beach.

Young Tommy Kurth is enrolled in the First Grade at Douglas.

Peggy Doud and Irene Erickson gave a dancing party at Peggy's home last Saturday evening to which over half a hundred young people were invited. St. Patrick was the inspiration.

Guests at Del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Swallow from Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. Norman P. Ream and Mrs. Herbert McCord from New York and Greenwich, Conn.; Mr. and Mrs. M. J. O'Brien and their two daughters, Charlotte and Rosemary, from Highland Park, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. George R. Brown and their daughter, Mary Helen, and Mr. Brown's mother, Mrs. Edwin Perkins Brown. With them is Mrs. T. Stephenson of Chestnut Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford were in San Francisco last week to see "The Time of Your Life" (lucky for them they didn't wait to see "The Time of Your Life" tend a studio preview of the Jose Lemon program which Kit Whitman is bringing to Carmel for the Art Institute's birthday party.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Newell, who have been occupying the Highlands studio home of Millicent Sears, are gone and Mrs. Sears is back from San Francisco and happily watching the sunset from her own windows again.

Capt. and Mrs. William Ledward, with transfer orders to the air corps at Brooks Field, San Antonio, have left the Mission Ranch Club where they were all winter. They will be missed by many, all of whom had a chance to say how they felt about this going away business. All but "Don Quixote" who will just wait in the meadow for the rider who won't be coming down to him any more.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse, who sailed the "Temptress" to Tahiti last year, have arranged a large party for tomorrow's

Tahitian Night in the Ball Room. With their guests, Gordon Armaby and Sanford Gwin, the Morses spent three months on a copra plantation in Tahiti. On their cruise through the south seas they stopped at 14 islands. Tahitian Night will revive many memories for them.

Other visitors to Tahiti with plans for parties tomorrow night are Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea and Mrs. Gene McCormac.

Mrs. Martin Flavin invited a number of friends to tea last Wednesday in honor of Ella Young, Irish poetess who has been the house guest this week of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Shea. Besides the O'Sheas, there were Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter, Ellen O'Sullivan, Mrs. John Douglas Short, Mrs. F. W. Clappett, Noel Sullivan, Lee Crowe and Donnan and Garth Jeffers.

Tomorrow Mrs. Ella Young is driving with friends to Mt. Hamilton for the phenomenon of the planets Jupiter and Saturn which will be in conjunction at that time and visible through the telescope there. Earlier in the week she visited the Charles Erskine Scott Woods in Los Gatos.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles May, old-time residents of Carmel and former owners of Mission Cleaners, had an almost fatal accident at their home last week. While their young daughter, Doris, was playing under her father's motor boat one of the props was knocked out and the boat fell on Doris' back, breaking it in three places but not severing the spinal cord. Although encased in a plaster cast, little Doris is up and around, ready to go back to school next week.

Gordon Ewig brought his room mate, Russ Collier, home with him from Stanford for the Easter vacation.

Patricia Hawthorne paid a surprise visit in southern California last week to Doc Stan-

ford's son and daughter-in-law, Bill and Buntie Staniford, who are now living in Brentwood Park. Bill has been working at the Douglas Aircraft Corporation for a couple of years and although he thoroughly enjoys his work, he misses Carmel and all of his old friends. Buntie will be coming up to Carmel next week to help Pat celebrate the birthdays of Mary Wheldon, Pauline Meeks, George Karsh and Ted Smith, all of which come in the month of March.

Mrs. Leslie G. Nagle of the Monterey Peninsula Country Club is visiting with her daughter in Jokake, Ariz., and will return next Tuesday. Mrs. Nagle went down for a week's trip and to help celebrate her daughter's birthday. Her daughter is a student at the Jokake School for Girls.

Mrs. Alma Wycoff and Miss Jane Barry stopped a few days at La Playa on their way south to see the wild flowers. Robert Emmett O'Brien had an informal dinner for them, inviting Mr. and Mrs. Howard Smith and Marjorie Warren.

Get To Be a Bridge Expert and Aid Welfare Fund

Advanced bridge players are invited to join the group which meets every Friday evening at the American Legion Hall. Lt. Commr. Earl W. Jukes, professional teacher, is conducting the games with proceeds donated to the Legion Auxiliary in order to swell its child welfare fund. The admission is 25 cents. There are between four and five regular tables each meeting. They'd like to have enough to make a crowd.

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New Solutized SHELL is the finer fuel for '41

TWO SCIENTIFIC FACTORS advance the Road Performance Rating of new Shell Gasoline to an all-time high:

1. It is refined with the Solutizer Process (originated by Shell's research laboratories, Patent No. 2,149,379). This steps up performance by removing the "pre-knock mercaptans."

2. Thermal conversion makes it rich in compounds similar to iso-octane—first produced commercially by Shell scientists to make practical 100-octane aviation gasoline . . . fuel so powerful that it led to an increase up to 30% in the speed and flying range of planes!

These two factors save on your costliest driving—Stop-and-Go. And add a new thrill to motoring. Your Shell dealer has new Solutized Shell (at regular price) and Shell Premium—try a tankful today!



Marx Brothers in 'Go West' Now at Carmel Theatre; Hedy Lamarr and Gable in 'Comrade X' Sunday



CLARK GABLE and HEDY LAMARR in "Comrade X"

A shootin' laugh fest is on tonight and tomorrow at the Carmel Theatre with the Marx Brothers in "Go West." It's about the railroad going through whose property, or else, while the deed shifts from one wacky scene to another with pursuit by Groucho, Chico and Harpo. If you like this kind of gold-nugget villainy you have it here. The detective story, "Saint in Palm Springs" goes along with the above Zanies. On Sunday comes the co-

medienne, Hedy Lamarr, with Clark Gable in "Comrade X." Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer wrote the story which is a newspaper yarn in Moscow with a "guess who" plot. Hedy keeps her glamor although she drives a street car, an army tank, and fights with her fists. Gable is involved in intrigue. They both get back to America when it's over.

On Wednesday Fredric March brings "Victory" to the screen. The second picture stars Rosemary Lane in "Always a Bride."

Drama Club Reads Before Woman's Club

Burt Haron's drama class had a repeat performance last Wednesday. This time Synge's "Riders to the Sea" and Dunsany's "Glittering Gate" were read before the Carmel Woman's Club.

Reading Synge were Edith Frisbie, Louise Welty, Barbara Stitt, Milton Stitt, Richard Boone, Fred Robbins and Cecil Smith. In reading her part, Edith Frisbie does one of the finest dramatic pieces of work to be heard in the current theatrical program of the Peninsula. We venture to add that her record will not likely be broken except by Edith herself.

The Dunsany play was read by Milton Stitt and Richard Boone. They make an outstanding accomplishment of it—two voices and we believe an entire play.

Bjornstad in Concert Thursday Evening



Eivind Bjornstad will be heard in a concert of sacred music at the Monterey Presbyterian church Thursday evening at 8. For many years a grand opera tenor in Vienna and Berlin he now devotes his entire time to Gospel singing on the religious platform. He is called the greatest Gospel singer since Sankey. Between his numbers Bjornstad will speak about his life and travels throughout the world.

There is no admission charge for this unique musical event sponsored by Calvary Tabernacle.

++
CYMBAL WANT ADS are potent little buggers

Noel Coward's Famous Cycle of Plays at Playhouse This Week-End and Next

Trains were whistling through the station, the cockney was strong and sitchless, numberless cups of phantom tea went over the counter, plus a few of the same 3-Star Hennessey's, and I sat there freezing in the Carmel Playhouse to watch the rehearsal of three of Noel Coward's plays from "Tonight at 8:30" which the Carmel Stage Guild is producing at the Playhouse this week-end and next.

In the midst of things, bundles of props kept arriving and must be opened at once, uniforms tried on, the new bell rung, and so forth. There were gaps of forgotten lines, forgotten action, and should-have-been forgotten actors. With all of this confusion, the sound effects couldn't get there until Scene 3, first play, on account of supper or something. Thus went "Still Life" while I doubted if there would still be life in me by the time the night wore out.

Over and over it went and then suddenly there in the station it was all real. Laura and Alec learn that love stolen is no love at all. "Myrtle" and "Albert" don't take it so seriously and have a better time between trains. "Stanley" and "Beryl" reduce love to a twitter and so the "still life" is drawn in the shape of a pyramid from its foundation to its vanishing point.

Aurelia Tullius makes her Carmel debut as "Laura." Aurelia is tall and beautiful. Her voice has a husked quality of depth. Moreover, it is sincere. Her lines are the dynamo out of which all the emotions in the play draw their power. If Aurelia were less of a fine actress, the play would be lost in spite of the excellent characterization from cockney "Myrtle."

Wilma Bott plays "Myrtle." In her supporting counterpart she does a splendid job. Her cockney is the flavor in the play. "Albert" (Andre French) also sticks admirably to cockney and puts a lot into his part. Robert Herrick, newcomer from Boston, keeps to dialect, too. If Marjorie Morton could only try some of it the play would keep together better on their side of the dialog.

"Laura" and "Alec," who don't talk to anybody else anyhow, are allowable exceptions.

Susan Shalleroas and Janet Anderson share the part of "Dolly," in order to meet out-of-town complications.

Another of the plays is "Hands Across the Sea," which was originally all Gertrude Lawrence. Connie Flavin in the role of the irrepressible "Piggy" makes a convincing flourish of it. As her husband, Lloyd Weer is too affable, too American, without that British manner of being jolly well annoyed. If he can think of Coward in the part, he will know what I mean. I think the victory goes to "Mr. and Mrs. Wadhurst" who certainly steal the show. These parts are played by Anne Moulder and Alec Merivale.

"Fumed Oak," the third of the group, I heard about from Hal Garrott. It is about a fellow who has a wife, a mother-

in-law and an adenoid daughter to contend with all at the same time and who makes a ripple in the ocean of this invulnerable trio. There was no rehearsal of it the other night, so we can only refer you to the evenings of March 21-23 and 28-30.

We do this heartily. The plays are sharp, with a rinse of acid (Noel Coward formula). They ask you to remember—for something of this happened to you sometime. They get you to laugh—maybe at yourself. They may hurt for where the barb fits it also stings.

All three plays will be given at each performance. Edward Kuster is directing, assisted by John Bartlett, Janet Anderson, Francis Sumner and Gabrielle Kuster.

—K. W.

Two-Piano Team Music Society's Next Offering

The brilliant two-piano team, Vronsky and Babin, who appeared as soloists with the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra last Fall, will appear in the final concert of the Carmel Music Society's Winter series at Sunset Auditorium Saturday, April 5, at 8:30 p. m.

These distinguished musicians have united their separate achievements to create a magnificent art such as is rarely found on the concert stage. For perfect co-ordination of nuance and tone-quality, for the creation of a glowing ensemble, it would be difficult to surpass these two young duo-pianists.

Both are Russian by birth. Vitya Vronsky was born at

'Girl of Golden Gulch' Final Tomorrow

Positively the last appearance of "The Girl of Golden Gulch" is scheduled for tomorrow evening in the First Theater, Monterey, when the Troupers of the Gold Coast will romp through the old melodrama and the merry olio for the last time, and one of the most successful of plays will fold.

Sold-out houses are the fashion at the First Theater now, many eager visitors clamoring in vain for tickets on the now famous "Saturday nights." Last Saturday night audience included a number of notables—Miss Margaret Kelly of London; Joe Elliott, composer of "There's a long, long Trail"; Charles Bates of the Black Hawk Ranch, Mount Diablo, and many others.

"The Gamblers" is scheduled for repeat on April 4, 5, 6, 10, 12, 13, May 3, 4, 5. By special arrangement with Galt Bell, "The Drunkard" will then go into rehearsal, Ronald Teifer directing, for performance over the May 30 week-end, and Monterey's birthday.

Kiev and studied in Berlin under Artur Schnabel. Victor Babin was born in Moscow. He also worked under Artur Schnabel and under Franz Schreker he studied composition. He has published several fine works for piano as well as a number of songs. When they married they decided to combine their arts to create something which would transcend them both, and the success they have achieved fully justified their decision.

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**SAINT IN
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Sun, Mon., Tues., Mar. 23, 24, 25

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Thrills, Comedy and Intrigue

Wednesday, Thurs., Mar. 26, 27

FREDRIC MARCH
BETTY FIELD
VICTORY
ROSEMARY LANE
GEORGE REEVES
Always a Bride

LAST CHANCE TO SEE

Troupers of the Gold Coast in

"THE GIRL OF GOLDEN GULCH"

with an elegant Olio.

Directed by Ronald Teifer

8:30 SATURDAY, MARCH 22

FIRST THEATER, Monterey

Tickets \$1.10, 55c at Stenifords



ON THE STAGE TONIGHT!

THREE FAMOUS PLAYS

by NOEL COWARD

From his brilliant cycle "Tonight at 8:30"

"STILL LIFE"

"FUMED OAK"

"HANDS ACROSS THE SEA"

PRODUCED BY CARMEL STAGE GUILD

DIRECTED BY EDWARD KUSTER

TONIGHT
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MARCH
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Platterbug Patter

Rose is a rose is a rose is a rose. And so is a nose. And the nose knows, d'you s'pose? This is Salvadore Platterbug Dali speaking to you from his frangipani-scented kitchenette on the floor of Carmel Bay. Did you meet Zenobia? Well, she was right in the window on Dolores street for three whole days, and if you missed her dainty slippers, her frank blue eyes, her Schiaparelli negligee, and her friends from the Great Beyond, hovering like thin white hands over an empty mandoline-case and bull fiddle... if you missed all that... well... Cheer up... Zenobia has taken a liking to Carmel, and she may return some day. In the meantime, her influence will not pass. Let's be gay, Partner, but let's also be very, very modern... very, very surrealist. Wait till the P.B. adjusts her pink-and-chartreuse diving-suit, and tweaks the roc's feather in her caracul beret, and then we're off...

"H" stands for Hindemith... and Hindemith means things like "Der Schwanenher," and "Sonata for Piano for Four Hands," and "Sonata for Viola and Piano," titles which mask in depressing dullness some of the most exciting music since Wagner shocked Paris society with "Tannhauser." Hindemith's stock-in-trade is dissonance, but not the dishpan-falling-on-garbage-can sort of dissonance generally associated with "modern" music. Hindemith's music giggles in places, chuckles in others, bursts into uproarious laughter often, and sometimes quiets down to a kind of wistful pathos. Never is it far removed from tragedy-comedy, and always it is unsentimental, frank, and provocative. Especially so is a bright little gem of bittersweet, called for benefit of language students, "Kleine Kammermusik"; performed by the Los Angeles Wind Quintet, this music is a quick brisk shower with a strange new kind of water. First of all, the listener is puzzled, a little annoyed, perhaps. Then he is intensely amused. Finally he is pleased and satisfied, ending by liking the whole idea immensely. What more could any composer ask, and especially a composer brave enough to score a work for flute, piccolo, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and French horn. "Kleine Kammermusik" is enclosed in a neat new Columbia album, appropriately bound in steel gray and egg yellow.

Speaking of the art of dissonance, connoisseurs of the unique and unusual shouldn't miss a Columbia record featuring the "Thirteenth Sound Ensemble of Havana," directed by Angel Reyes. The selection, played in one-fourth, one-eighth, and one-sixteenth tones, is called "Preludio a Cristobal Colon," the nobody seems to know why. A bit on the banshee side, wailing at times for all the world like Carmel's fire whistle, groaning like a dinosaur in great pain, the "Preludio" seems to be a single atonal female voice accompanied by strings. The final effect is one of complete mystification. P.S. — Ted Kuster is quite mad about the Preludio. No doubt it reminds him of nose-bound actors he's directed.

Columbia must go in for screwball art, for also centered by that familiar green label is a masterpiece of mechanical understatement, "Tonization," recorded abroad by a "Percussion Ensemble," conducted by Nicholas Slonimsky. Sounds of scraping, hammering, nails being pulled out of wood, screws

being turned, pipes banged on by monkey-wrenches, washtubs being dropped from attic windows are synchronized with the bump caused when someone saws off the legs of a grand piano. The whole composition is orderly, precise, and diabolically clever. A Machiavellian "Tonization," forsooth, and Dr. Van Niel of Hopkins Marine Station likes it very much. Just ask him.

To turn suddenly from asinthe to marshmallow nut sundaes, be it known that "Andre duzzit again." Yes, Kostelanetz went into a huddle with his orchestra and the songs of Stephen Foster, the result being an album of serene beauty and thrilling orchestration, bearing out once more the contention that when good music is made popular, and popular music made good. Kostelanetz will do so. "Jeanie" is a different girl entirely under Andre's conducting, and you'll want to shove your last son across the board at "The Campdown Races." The Stephen Foster album, colorful as a spring bonnet, was released last week from the house of Columbia.

Dancing these days? Try Artie Shaw's "Pyramid," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," Benny Goodman's "On the Alamo," and Harry James's "Music Makers," the cutest bit of rhythm fluff since "Celery Stalks at Midnight."

Ahoy to Monday night radio listeners: The Chamber Music Society of Lower Basin Street is now on Victor Records. You know the C.M.S.L.B.S. don't you... dedicated to the preservation of the Three B's—Barrelhouse, Boggle-Woogle, and Blues. Now right in your own home you can have Mademoiselle Dinah Diva Shore (the girl who starts fires by rubbing two notes together); Professor Sidney Bechet, who makes a soprano saxophone sound like no nice soprano saxophone should sound, Dr. Henry Levine, with his Barefooted Dixieland Philharmonic, and Maestro Paul "Fugitive-from-Juilliard" Laval, with his Woodwindy ten.

And, before adjourning for this week, today's Platterbugs-of-Honor: Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Beesley of Pebble Beach, whose favorite at the moment is Gabriel Urbain Faure, but who also appreciate Prokofieff, Brahms, Carmen Cacallaro, Calypsoes from Trinidad, Chopin and Hindemith.

—MURIEL HESSE

Carmel Mission News

Hostesses for the communion breakfast of the young people's Sodality last Sunday were Mrs. Joseph Hooper, Mrs. Mary Reardon, Mrs. Marguerite Despard and Mrs. W. M. Ives.

Junipero Serra Society will hold its regular meeting at Crespi Hall at 2:30, Monday. Guests from neighboring communities are invited for the interesting program which is always presented. The last meeting included talks by members on various phases of Catholic history, culture, art and contemporary work. In addition, Mary Reardon spoke of early pilgrimages here to the Stations of the Cross set up between Carmel and Monterey.

CYMBAL WANT ADS go places, see people and do things—to 'em.

Among the Pines

It was hard to get to the beach today. We were tired, and the weather was gloomy, but Barney needed the exercise—so we went.

Strange—how beauty creeps up on you, sometimes. Everything was so dull and colorless on the way down, that when we noticed a beautiful, opalescent shimmer, at the water's edge, we were very much surprised! And, as though to keep it from attracting too much attention, frivolous, frilly little waves flirted impatiently over it. Apparently the clouds were drab, and the water a slate hue, but, between them, they created a lovely iridescence. Odd things—combinations!

And we noticed many gaunt, grotesque pieces of driftwood, polished smooth by the ocean, and looking like stiffened skeletons in an arabesque dance. One day they had been young trees, growing, and now, perhaps blown from their origin by a tempest, brought to land again, here. And they will create beauty too, for, taken home to our fireplace, they will burn with vivid flame. The water, alone, is nice water—the wood, good, decorative wood—but together, they form a radiance. Odd things—combinations!

Then we see a little boy scuffing the sand with his feet, and trying to appear nonchalant. The little boy's eyes are brown, and his little corduroy trousers hang down too far in the back, because he is very thin. He seems a lonely, lovable, little boy, just beginning to realize that this is a pretty complex old world—and we'd like to take him home, feed him well, and keep him warm and safe—but we know that wouldn't be fair to him. So we warm each other with smiles, and pass on. He must know pain and happiness in order to appreciate happiness. Odd things—combinations!

Then a funny thing happens! When we reach the rocks which end our walk, we turn around and walk back, of course. Suddenly we realize that the footsteps next to ours seem to cover about the same span. We begin to think about this other person—to wonder whether or not we'd be congenial. When we've just about decided that we'd have a splendid time walking and talking together—we realize that the footmarks are our own—and that we've been indulging in a pretty piece of narcissism. So we laugh at ourselves—but have the ghost of a wish that someone would come along and walk in our footsteps, feeling as we did. It might happen.

On our way home we discover some little pussywillows about to break into kittens—and, in a shop window, with some gay spring dresses, a sheaf of almond blossoms in all their daintiness.

And we thought it was a gloomy day!

It's a good night to throw some big pine cones we collected this afternoon in the fire—pull a big chair as close as we safely can—and dream a little.

The rain is pattering merrily on the roof and there must be happiness in the hearts of the ranchers and farmers in the nearby Salinas Valley. We like it too, for it makes the fire-side and our small room seem like a safe and warm harbor in the midst of the storm. Perhaps—if we hadn't reached this middle season of life where contemplation and relaxation are enjoyable, we wouldn't like it so well, but we are very glad that we have, and we can, and that the troubles and complexities of our youthful energies are behind us.

We probably had as many happy times as anyone. We think of moonlight sailing parties in Maine waters with a group of us still in gay clothes from a dance. Boys from colleges playing "Santa Lucia," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," and college and currently popular songs on string guitars, banjos, and mandolins, while we all sang and sailed along in those moonlit, glistening waters. Some of us undoubtedly in love—and thrilling to that lovely agony. Then there were tobogganing parties, with the keen, sharp ecstasy of cutting through the cold air, shrieking wildly with the joy and excitement of it! And climbing mountains, and the hard, gay effort of that. The feeling of never reaching the top—then—when it didn't seem possible to take another step, to find ourselves there, with no more effort necessary, and the wind and the clouds all about us. (Very much the way we'd expected to find this middle period of life—before the Fates decided to fool us!) We're glad, though, that we don't have to be young again! It was splendid—but there was enough of it.

A friend brought in some small volumes on the M.R.A., this afternoon, and we liked the thought. At first it seemed to put the cart before the horse, and that poverty and illness

should be eliminated before trying to make people think better. Undoubtedly it would be easier to be kind, generous, and good, if one were warmly sheltered and well fed. We see now, though, that the lucky people capable of making money must realize that they are fortunate in health and circumstance to be able to do it, and, if they want to live happily and safely—keep their children and their jewels from being stolen, they must share. Those with work to do and the necessities of life are not apt to be criminals and anarchists. Perhaps an occasional one from time to time, but if the majority were good and happy he couldn't do much harm.

What a nice world that would be! May the M.R.A. succeed!

Drifting clouds today, blending blurrily into each other. Not a bit solid and complacent.

Clouds have lots of personality when you stop to think about them. There are the clouds of dawn, the morning clouds—the clouds of a clear, sparkling day—impish little tufts scattering where they shouldn't be—and the lazy, complacent clouds of a summer afternoon. The different, beautiful, tints and shapes of sunset clouds—and the clouds of night. The clouds of rainy days, of windy days, and the foretelling clouds. The soft blanket of foggy clouds. Then they all change again according to location. Clouds creeping over a hill. Clouds in a southern sky. Clouds over a little town, or over the sea. Clouds through pine trees, or over meadows or snowy mountains. Goodness—and I've been thinking of just—clouds!

—ELEANOR HERRICK

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The eighteenth season of California's greatest outdoor play "Ramona" will be held Saturdays and Sundays only at 2:45 p.m. on April 19-20, 26-27 and May 3-4, reports the Riverside office of the National Automobile club.

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NEWS OF SALINAS JUNIOR COLLEGE

By KATHRYN HAMM and EVALINE DIEKEMPER

"For distinguished service" sounds familiar doesn't it? But that is exactly why ED BROCK received his shiny, new J.S.C. belt buckle. There comes a time in everyone's life (we hope) when hard work is rewarded, and so it is with ED. In the past, he has served as rally committee chairman, publicity manager for the Ski Club, and has helped everybody in general and therefore, has had bestowed upon him this article of appreciation of the Student Body.

Rising to greater heights is that much talked-about (all good of course) DAWN OVERHULSE. DAWN having shown her versatility as the college paper feature editor, has been voted to represent the freshman class of Salinas Junior College at the University of California's annual Press Conference. The conference commences Thursday and lasts on into Saturday. Miss OVERHULSE intends to attend all courses dealing with editorials, which is her not-so-hidden talent.

Not to be outdone by DAWN'S example, ED BROCK (breaking into print again) and RUTH MILLER, representing the Battery and college Annual, respectively, will be at the conference giving and taking a few ideas on how and why a newspaper is published. But we can't leave ED and RUTH just like that, when they are being so active in other college affairs. The sophomores' annual Spring dance will be held Friday

day (tonight) and these two students have worked long and hard trying to make this dance a success. ED is on the bouncer committee, which is known in the book of etiquette as a door committee. RUTH has been running hither, thither and yon, publicizing the Hop, physically, mentally, verbally, politically, wholeheartedly, slaphappily and any other way that can be thought of.

Some say HAM and some say HAMM, but it is the general hope that HAMM will be said when the radio class presents the first of a series of plays over KDON this Wednesday morning from 11:15 to 11:45. KATHRYN is studying the sound effects and hopes to give the ether listeners an authentic impression. PETE BRIGGS will be doing a great deal of announcing during the same program. PETE, not satisfied with just announcing, will also do a few character roles.

Brawn and brain go together when MARKHAM JOHNSTON is spoken about these days. MARKHAM is not only among the top ranking fliers at J.C., but also he is one of the best boxers in college. His next exhibition for all to see, will be the 21st ANNIVERSARY DAY of Salinas Junior College, for any of those interested — March 28.

And another Carmelite is attaining fame in the music world. CHARLES HAMM, who has previously shown his musical skill, is now a member of the Monterey County Orchestra. CHUCK is among the top clarinets, and will join in with the orchestra when it presents its inaugural performance Mar. 24.

The J.C. students, especially the Vagabond members, will be missing the "most effervescent" face of JOYCE WHITCOMB, who has quit college in order to say hello to her old friends again from the counter of the Carmel Dairy.

ADULT SCHOOL NEWS

Principal J. W. Getsinger of the Carmel Adult School asks for assistance in deciding what, if any, further courses in first-aid to offer this spring. During the year two classes have completed the standard Red Cross first-aid course, and one group has finished the advanced course. There is time for one more class to start about the middle of April. Some requests have been made for each type of course. If those who are interested will make their wishes known it is probable that at least some of them can be supplied.

Miss Anna Grant Dall, in her new class in music appreciation, will base her work each week on the operas scheduled for the following Saturday and Sunday radiocasts. Miss Dall devoted Thursday evening to the music of Berlioz, Pison and Beethoven, scheduled for Saturday broadcast, and to that of Tchaikowsky which will be on Sunday's program. Piano and phonograph are used to illustrate Miss Dall's comments. The place is Sunset School, Room 11, the time Thursday evening at 7:45.

When the "America's Town Hall of the Air" program could not be heard last week, Carmel's

CLASSIFIED ADS

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"Town Hallers" supplied their own discussion, and seemed pleased with their own efforts. This week they expect to have a new radio, and hope that they will hear the nation-wide program hereafter. By meeting for dinner at 6 o'clock on Thursdays they have time for a discussion of questions of the day and still get to evening meetings. Next Thursday the topic is "How Does This War Threaten the American Farmer?" with the broadcast originating from Des Moines, Ia.

The meeting was held at Sade's this week and Bert Dienelt furnished the radio.

LETTERS TO THE PAPER

APPROVES STAND AGAINST CITY HALL ON PARK

Editor, The Cymbal:

We were very glad to read your excellent article opposing the destruction of Carmel's delightful little park by proposing to put the city hall there and, possibly, that place of horrors—a jail! It would certainly be grievous if that happened.

Everytime I cross that plot of grass and flowering shrubs I have a sense of pleasure and gratitude that it is there.

It is to be hoped that this little park, which helps to give Carmel that indefinable something, will be preserved.

—ALICE G. GREENE.
Carmel, March 19.

HAS SOLUTION FOR P.O. TRAFFIC PROBLEM

Editor, Cymbal:

Just to stimulate more expert minds than mine I offer this idea toward the solution of the Post Office parking problem. The thought first occurred to me while I sat before the P.O. well boxed-in for eight minutes while good old-fashioned Carmelites double parked and visited in our new U.S.-Leidig edifice. Then again on Friday I was reminded of my idea when I saw three cars tangled in a free-for-all bumper contest while traffic was snarled up for a goodly block long.

Mark off Dolores on the East side of the street for diagonal parking, as it was by the old P.O. on Ocean. (Dolores is about two feet wider than one of Ocean's lanes). Make Dolores a one way street, south to north, with no parking on the west side of the street. This will permit of fewer parking spaces, I admit, but I venture the opinion that this system will deliver more service through speeding up and simplifying traffic during Post Office peak loads.

—WILLARD W. WHEELER
Carmel, Mar. 17.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

CARMEL WOODS LOTS—There are many fine lots still available in Carmel Woods—and at the same lower prices placed on them 2 years ago—all have at least 60 ft. frontages, most of them more. All utilities are available for these lots being offered. Low monthly payments can be arranged to suit the Buyer. Lot prices are due to advance soon in this area, so buy a lot now. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Ocean Ave. or see any Carmel Broker.

IN CARMEL Everybody Reads THE CYMBAL.

THREE BEDROOM house, Randall Way & 5th, Hatton Fields. Ready February 15; 4 bedroom & 3 bath on Ladera Drive, Mission Tract, ready February 1. Both can be bought under liberal FHA terms with monthly payments half the rental value. CARL BENSBERG, owner build-Carmel 1543. (tf)

CARMEL VALLEY cabin site cleared for building. Private tract 50 x 150. Close to river and Robles del Rio store. \$150 cash for quick sale. No agents. P. O. Box 988 Carmel (tf)

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AUTO RADIO—Cost \$70—sell for \$15. Can be seen at Carter's Radio Hospital, 581 Lighthouse, New Monterey. (tf)

LOST AND FOUND

PINK SHELL rimmed glasses — last Friday on San Carlos near Sunset School. In case from H. E. Clark. M.D. Claim and pay for ad at Cymbal Office. (tf)

TWEED COAT, brown mixture. I am so cold. Please return to Cymbal Office. Pat Hawthorne. (tf)

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Anent Salinas British Relief Program

It takes an accent, quite a few spots of tea, and more of bitters, some singing and a lot of fast music to make an English music hall. "A lot of little lovelies in a lovely little number" won't do.

After the first intermission, however, the program had a change for the better. Up to then the show needed relief as badly as the British.

KDON's radio skit, written and produced by Chuck Burgman, was really fine and made a bull's eye point of aiding Britain. With the play really on the air over KDON the audience loved the novelty and applauded wildly.

Peavey's flying gymnasts went through a very professional routine which gave everybody spectator muscles. Edward Kuster's group, playing Noel Coward's "Hands Across the Sea" put the audience back solidly on its feet. They chuckled and snorted through the Wadhurst dilemma. You may see it for yourself this week-end and next at the Carmel Playhouse where three plays of the "Tonight at 8:30" cycle will be produced.

The proceeds from the show looked gratifying, on a count of heads, so it looks as if the fund for the Salinas mobile kitchen is getting ahead.

They lost a set of dishes during the first black out. Fourteen people came in through a side exit.

+

Sittin' All Alone—Do You Know This Dog?

He was sitting by a post on the bench at the foot of Ocean late Sunday afternoon, just looking. He was there the next morning, same place, same post—still looking. So when Mrs. Bruce Monahan saw him still there in the afternoon she took him home with her.

He's a small, smooth-haired black and tan male dog about nine-months-old with a strong leaning towards the Doberman pinscher clan and right now he's being taken care of by the Monahan household. Obviously having had a home of his own at one time, he's been either lost or deserted and looks pathetically at every car that goes by hoping to find his master. Mrs. Monahan's number is 653 and she'll keep him for a few days more before turning him over to the Humane Society.

Is he yours?

Margaret Lial Surrealist Window Is Staggering

All it needed was a lush pink camellia in its hair to make the surrealist figure complete. Margaret Lial had a devilish lot of fun last Friday evening doing the window in her music shop on Dolores street and the result was startling and very entertaining. The central figure was a child wax window dummy, date 1900, which was a little the worse for wear. The saying that beauty is only skin deep was well demonstrated here. The wax skin was off the tip of an otherwise charming nose. The wig was awry and a dusty kimono parted to show black tights that went to the waist. This surprise was flanked by a bass viol, which was played on by two ghost-like hands, sans body, to complete a surrealist scene.

+

The lupin and poppies are usually beautiful about the middle of March along U. S. 466 beginning about 10 miles east of Bakersfield, states the Beverly Hills office of the National Automobile club.

Pilots Take Lead In Abalones

'Twas St. Patrick, himself, that did it, put the Shamrock strength into him and the eye into him to be after b'ating the livin' daylight out o' the Giants on the Sunday past. And it was a score o' 7 to 3 as it stood at the ind. Him that got the hits was Cap'n Hap Haaty, Lloyd Miller and Cedric Rowntree. 'Twas all of a day early but St. Patrick is the one to be gettin' the credit.

No such help was a comin' in the second game, b'gorra, as anyone can see by the look o' the score which was a nip and a tuck between the Pilots and the Tigers, 7 to 6. Ivan Kelsey pitched a steady game and Charley Frost, Bob Doerr and Jim McDermid hit one after the other but 'twas no use. 'Twas only him Shamrocks gettin' in favors on that day.

There was changes made on the teams. Jim Kelsey is one o' them Shamrocks now. Mike Balaza was taken into the Tigers and the Pilots have George De Amaral and M. Marcelli with him. The Giants are after playin' with Ernie Bixler, Bob Doerr and Rudy Holtzhauser.

In the League it stands like this:

| | W | L |
|-----------|---|---|
| Pilots | 2 | 0 |
| Shamrocks | 1 | 1 |
| Tigers | 1 | 1 |
| Giants | 0 | 2 |

On the Sunday coming 'twill be the Pilots and the Shamrocks and I'm thinkin' we'll be needin' St. Patrick agin' about 2 o'clock. And after us the Tigers and the Giants will have at it, startin' at 3:15.

And the top o' the mornin' to you, Charlie Van Riper, for the six balls you be givin' us now.

+

Spring Fever Hits Mission Ranch Club

Turpentine cocktails and jiggers of straight red, white or yellow paint are what any thirsty wanderer would have been served if he had dropped in for a drink at the Mission Ranch Club bar at the beginning of the week for the place is being completely re-done and while it will open for business again this week-end it probably won't be entirely finished for a couple of weeks.

As sort of a form of Spring house cleaning Don and Ara McFadden decided to give the whole place a new paint job and doll it all up by freshening everything up with lots of gay colors, making it not too fancy yet still not quite so ranchy as it was. In short, it's a bar having its face lifted. The vital part of the painting has already been done, but Ara is still wrestling with huge bolts of cloth and trying to decide on what the new drapes and upholstery will be, so the finished product can't be caught but still it is full of promises.

+

Lial Studio Program Monday Evening

Tchaikowsky's B Flat Minor concerto for piano, played by Artur Rubenstein, Stravinsky's Fire-Bird Suite, conducted by Leopold Stokowski, and selections from the "Stars and the Metropolitan" album make up the Lial Studio recording program for Monday evening at 8.

The one and a half hour program will be played on a Mag-novox, one of the most superb recording instruments developed for the criterion of music listeners.

There is no charge and everyone is invited to come to the Lial Studios at 490 Alvarado in Monterey to listen.

The Carmel Cymbal

Saturday Night Dances Planned By Carmel's Younger Set

A good dance floor, a nickel-odeon which doesn't need any nickels, a good mixture of young people and a whole Saturday evening from 8 until 1 to spend putting all of these together—what more could Carmel dancers want for 25 cents on two Saturday nights a month? That's the menu planned by some smart members of Carmel's younger set who already have one such dance successfully behind them and are busily looking into the future and making plans for the next one which will come off March 29 at the American Legion Hall on Dolores street.

Having analyzed the psychology of the prospective dance-goers to such affairs, Terry Jones has figured that they like to come to them but they hate to do the work involved in such projects. So Terry heads a committee which takes care of all such angles, leaving the only work which the rest have to do is to get to the hall and produce the 25 cents—and the evening is theirs.

George Rice is treasurer, Harriet Courteney makes the publicity contacts, Betty Mary Wilson is the poster artist and the committee for decoration is made up of Irene Wilson, Barbara Winslow and Miki Burgers.

Each dance will have a theme.

Last time it was St. Patrick's Day and the one of the 29th will honor the army officers and their wives living in Carmel and, like all the dances it will be open to the public. Mrs. Betty B. Wilson will be the patroness and Leo Lyons will be the patron.

Any surplus money accumulated after the hall and the decorations and records have been paid for will be pooled in a community account in the bank and when enough has been made an extra-special bang-up dance will be thrown.

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles Philip Clock, who were married last month in Stanford Memorial Chapel are now well established in a home on Camino Real while Clock serves a year with the 57th Medical Battalion at Fort Ord. Both he and his wife, the former Audrey Marie Brumfield of San Francisco, are Stanford graduates, Clock having received his law degree last June and his wife her A.B. the year before. Four days after their marriage on February 15 the draft grabbed the new bridegroom—and so it goes.

March 21, 1941

Patriotic Essay Contest To Mark Legion Birthday

The American Legion is 22 years old this month. In recognition of the patriotism for which the Legion stands this anniversary is being especially honored Tuesday night with the reading of the student prize-winning essays on "Americanism" which are sponsored nationally each year by the Legion Auxiliary.

Carmel students from the fourth to the ninth grades submitted patriotic essays in the contest. The six winning papers will receive cash awards when they are read by the winners before an invited audience at the Legion Hall.

A speaker, who has not yet been chosen, will talk on the subject, "Americanism and National Defense."

Judging the essays are Mrs. Fred McIndoe, Americanism chairman, Mrs. Martin J. Peterson, Mrs. Gerald Totten and Mrs. Hurd Comstock.

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F. W. Newhall has left for New York where he will meet Frank Wickham after which he will depart for a trip to New England. They will both return to their Carmel Highlands residence in May, coming back to the coast via the water and a Luckenbach steamer.

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MAIDS UNIFORM

Black fast color Broadcloth detachable collar and cuffs of permanent finished Organdy. Full Princess back. Flared skirt. Loose belt. Long sleeves. Sizes 12-16.

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Aprons of permanent finish Organdy.

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Rayon taffeta, flared and gored skirt. Detachable cuffs and collar of permanent finish Organdy.

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Aprons to match collar and cuffs.

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Beautifully tailored of snowy white Poplin, in either button or zipper front styles. Long or short sleeves.

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Styled with the cooperation of a "fashion committee" of your own profession... of soft Shetland-Blend. Eight glistening pearl stud-buttons. Immaculate "Nightingale" White. Sizes 34-42.

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